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RAYS from LIBERTY'S TORCH

ARRANGED AND ILLUSTRATED
BY F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS

"MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE,
SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY,
OF THEE WE SING."

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Scattered within the peaceful bay,
Many a fair isle and islet lay,
And rocks and banks which threatened there
No peril to the mariner.
The shores which bent around were gay
With foliage, and with pastures green,
And rails and hedge-row trees between,
And fields for harvest white,
And dwellings sprinkled up and down.

Robert Southey.



THE NARROWS.

10

The visitor, I may
say without flattery,
Finds few, if any ports
to match the view
Of bustling, white-winged
craft and laughing blue,
Which fixes him enchanted
on the battery,
So full of life, forever
fresh and new.

Thos. G. Appleton.



*THE BATTERY
AND CASTLE GARDEN.*

Ah! 'twas a dear old town,
that lost Manhattan.
With its green shores, whose
islands still had trees.
And round them gleamed the sun-touched
bay like satin.
When the sun sank, and shut
its wings the breeze.
Oh! why was it obliged to
grow and fatten?
Those modest days in worth outvalued these.

Th. G. Appleton

Down by the river, on the giant bridge,
I have to while the sunny hours away
The low wind breathes across the bay a song
That lulls the ear and steals upon the soul
Like voices of the past. The distant hum
Of the majestic cities either side
Accentuates the calm and grand repose
Above the turmoil, in the mighty span.



BARTHOLDI STATUE
OF LIBERTY.



BROOKLYN BRIDGE

10

Beneath me glides the river
with a strain
Of music as it laps the
rough hewn piers
Below the bridge, and buoys
the busy crafts
That float like children's toys
upon the tide.

Schuyler Mathews

I stood on the deck of a ferry-boat,
As the summer evening deepened to night,
Where the tides of the river ran darkling past,
Through lengthening pillars of crinkled light.
The wind blew over the land and the waves
With its salt sea-breath, and a spicy balm,
And it seemed to cool my throbbing brain,
And tend my spirit its gusty calm.



*NORTH RIVER
LOOKING TOWARD THE BAY.*

The forest of masts, the dark hulled ships,
The twinkling lights, and the sea of men.
I read the riddle of each and all,
And I knew the meaning then.
For while the beautiful moon arose,
And drifted the boat in her yellow beams,
My soul went down the river of thought,
That flows in the mystic land of dreams.

Richard H. Stoddard.



ROBBINS REEF LIGHT
AND BERGEN POINT.

The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.
Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands.
The night - o'ertaken mariner to save

Richard H. Stoddard.



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